

Don't Beg for Love Chapter 651

A Spoonful of Sugar: Don't Beg for Love Chapter 651

A subordinate in Genecity would only contact her when they were ordered by their higher-up. Hestia thought for a moment, and she realized that bars were always the fastest and most widespread way to spread messages. If she could find the person with the surname Sulzbach earlier, she could finish the task faster and be free to do what she wanted.

"Sigh." Letting out a sigh, Hestia walked over to the mirror and shook her head at the make-up she was wearing.

It did not suit her, so she decided to change it.

*

Night was the time when darkness and desire thrived.

"Miss, this is a VIP-only establishment. If you're not a member, you can't come in."

Hestia had already had Sylvie investigate the largest bar in Genecity, but she did not expect to be stopped at the door when she arrived. Although she was a bit annoyed, the last thing that Hestia lacked was money.

"What should I do to become a member? I just came back from overseas and I'm not familiar with this place."

The doorman at the bar excelled at reading people's expressions. When he saw Hestia's attire and aura, he knew she was not an ordinary person. One of the attendants stepped forward and politely said, "I'm sorry, but our members are obtained through invitation only. We don't have the authority to issue membership cards."

Hestia frowned and the attendant continued, "If you know any local friends who have a membership card, you can tell them to bring you in."

It was easier said than done. The only person Hestia knew in Genecity was Rickard. She would rather be beaten to death than ask Rickard to bring her in.

"We meet again, Ms. Deschamps."

As Hestia was pondering how to get in, a familiar voice suddenly came from behind her.

“Nathaniel?”

Hestia turned around and saw Nathaniel walking towards her with a smile on his face. It went without saying that Hestia did not believe it was coincidence that she ran into Nathaniel here at this time, so he must still be watching her.

“Anger doesn’t look good on you.” Nathaniel glanced at Hestia’s profile greedily. “You’ve never worn makeup like this before. It’s beautiful.”

Hestia’s face sank as she looked at Nathaniel with a fake smile on her face.

“Maybe I’ve done it for Rickard before, but you just didn’t see it.”

“You have a sharp tongue.” Nathaniel stepped forward and placed his arm over Hestia’s shoulder. “If you want to go in, you’ll have to rely on me. A little impatience spoils great plans. I’m sure you understand this, right, Ms. Deschamps?”

The waiter on the side had already stepped aside. Even if he did not know who Hestia was, everyone knew Nathaniel. He was a new rising star in Genecity, and nobody dared to cross him at the moment.

Since she could use Nathaniel’s identity to her advantage, she decided not to let the opportunity go and wrapped her arm around his.

“It seems that the first cooperation with you was quite pleasant, Mr. Tucker. I hope you’ll appear more often in such situations and save me from my troubles.”

Nathaniel looked at the smile on Hestia’s face and chuckled. “It’ll be my pleasure.”

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Despite successfully gaining entry into the bar, the security measures at the entrance were stringent, and the atmosphere inside was far from relaxed.

Hestia was aware that in order to obtain any valuable and dependable information, she needed to network and make some connections in the bar. These information brokers were always on guard, and if she was not careful, they would feign ignorance and decline to engage in business with her.

“Are you here to look for something, Ms. Deschamps? Why don’t you ask me instead?” Nathaniel’s voice rang out beside her ears.

Hestia scoffed. “Do you really not know why I am here, Mr. Tucker? I thought you were well aware of my situation.”

“I have no idea what made you think so, Ms. Deschamps,” Nathaniel said as he reached out to tuck Hestia’s hair behind her ears. “I’m not monitoring you.”

Hestia instinctively felt averse to the sudden intimate gesture. It was not because of her own volition, but because deep within her being, she was against such an action from him.

“If you can’t provide me with any valuable information, then get out of my way, Mr. Tucker,” Hestia said straightly before turning around and looking at Nathaniel nonchalantly. “It seems to me that you don’t possess any valuable information, so our collaboration for today concludes here. If you persist in bothering me, things won’t end well for you.”

It was true that Nathaniel did not have any information about “Mr. Sulzbach.” After all, the scope was too broad, and it was very apparent that Hestia did not trust him at all.

He nodded helplessly. “If you need any help, you can always come to me.”

“Now I need you to stay away from me.”

“You’re pretty heartless.” Nathaniel sighed, looking pitiful as he lowered his eyes. “Then I’ll go now. See you next time, Ms. Deschamps.”

After Nathaniel left, Hestia heaved out a sigh of relief.

This was something related to her father and the Sulzbachs, so she would not use such things to test the loyalty of a “partner” whom she had just met not

long ago. Once Nathaniel was gone, she began to investigate the matters with peace of mind.

She glanced across the bar and could tell that the owner must've spent a lot of money on the decoration. She sat at the bar and ordered a drink with low alcohol content, waiting for someone to strike up a conversation with her.

Behind her, two bartenders pointed at her.

"Is it her? She looks exactly like the photo."

"Is it real... Do we have such good luck?"

"Let's give it a try. She looks weak..."

Hestia felt a sudden chill down her spine, but the bar was too noisy. She turned her head skeptically, but she did not see anyone particularly suspicious.

"Hello, Miss," a bartender suddenly approached Hestia. She looked up as the bartender placed a drink in front of her. "This is from a table of customers. Would you like to try it?"

Following the bartender's finger, Hestia saw a group of young people sitting together in the corner. She could not tell who the bartender was referring to, but they did not look like information brokers, so she shook her head.

"Please help me decline. Thank you," Hestia said.

The bartender replied, "Our bar's drinks are only given to those who are destined. You can choose not to drink, but you can't refuse."

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This was the first time Hestia had heard of such a request, but since the bartender had said so, she did not say anything and just let him place the drink in front of her.

“This is our newest signature drink and is very suitable for ladies. You can taste it.” The bartender placed the drink down and then walked away.

Hestia’s gaze fell on the drink. It was indeed a very beautiful drink, with small bubbles rising from the bottom of the glass like shattered starlight. Hestia leaned in to smell it and then took a sip.

As soon as Hestia collapsed, the two bartenders rushed over.

“That was easier than I thought. It seems we must have mistaken her identity.”

“Don’t worry about it. Let’s take her to the boss and see if she really is the person in the photo. If so, we’ll both make a fortune!”

The two of them made a plan and each carried Hestia on one side, taking advantage of the darkness as they made their way up the stairs along the wall.

However, none of them noticed that the corner of Hestia’s mouth curled up slightly.

They carried Hestia all the way to the top floor, and the surroundings gradually quieted down. Suddenly, a series of footfalls wafted from the other side. The footsteps sounded relatively light, and it seemed like a woman to them.

“Why did you bring the guest up here... If I’m not mistaken, she came in with Mr. Tucker just now, right?”

“We saw her just now and thought she looked like the woman in the photo that the boss sent!” One of the bartenders spoke up, and the woman walked over and lifted Hestia’s face.

After carefully examining her for a moment, the woman said, “Hmm, you’re right. She does look very similar... Alright, then. Bring her in. The boss will be back in five minutes, and we’ll see then.” The woman yawned. “Anyway, I’ll make it clear to you two first. Since you two are the ones who brought her up here, if she isn’t the one the boss is looking for, you two will have to bear the consequences.”

Although Hestia did not know who this person was, she knew that having an exclusive area on the highest level of the bar meant that this person was either the owner of the bar or someone else important.

'What does this person want with me? Or is he another one of Hesper's "old acquaintances"? But if that were the case, why does it seem like no one around him has ever seen me before?'

Although she had many questions in her mind, she had already come this far with her plan, so she certainly would not back out now. The bartender who served her was too bad at acting, and the smell of the substance added to the drink was strong. Hestia could tell just from the scent.

They brought her into a quiet room, and Hestia could feel herself being gently placed on a sofa.

Suddenly, something jumped over her, and the two bartenders had already left, leaving only the woman in the room. She walked beside Hestia, picking up the animal that jumped over her and scolded, "Why are you here? Your master has been looking for you downstairs for half a day. I didn't expect you to be sleeping here."

Hestia felt uncomfortable in her position and hoped that the woman could leave quickly so that she could secretly adjust her posture. However, the woman spoke up the next second, "Alright, you can stop pretending. I know you're awake."

Since she was already busted, Hestia sat up and opened her eyes to look at the woman in front of her.

The woman was holding a white cat in her arms and looking at her with a faint smile on her face. She was an absolute beauty.

"Since you knew I was awake, why did you bring me here?" Hestia asked.

The woman did not answer her and said, "You can call me Cheney. I'm the secretary of the owner of this bar. As for the reason why I brought you here, it's because I also think you look very similar to the person in the photo."

Hestia frowned. "Photo? What photo?"

"I can't answer that." Cheney shook her head. "My boss will be here soon. Please be patient, Miss."

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A Spoonful of Sugar: Don't Beg for Love Chapter 654

As soon as Cheney had finished speaking, the door was opened from the outside.

"How did Kitty get here? I was holding it just now, but then it ran off all of a sudden." A woman walked into the room and looked at Cheney, who was holding the cat. When she saw Hestia, she froze for a moment and raised her eyebrows.

"It seems like you've prepared a surprise for me, my love."

Hestia blinked and looked at Cheney. Cheney cleared her throat and said somewhat helplessly, "Take a closer look. Isn't this the person you asked us to find before?"

With long and lustrous hair, and minimal yet refined makeup, the woman was undoubtedly the most stunning among those of her kind that Hestia had encountered. However, her speech contained a hint of roughness, which clashed with her outward appearance and created a sense of contradiction.

Vivienne Scarlett measured Hestia up and down. After that, she took her phone out and compared Hestia with the photo on it repeatedly, nodding as she did so.

"You're Hesper Rivera?"

Hestia deduced that Vivienne was another one of Hesper's "old acquaintances." However, it appeared that Vivienne had not actually met Hesper before, despite her search for her. Though Vivienne seemed polite, Hestia couldn't afford to be complacent.

"I'm Hestia. You're not the first person who took me for her."

After a thorough consideration, Hestia chose not to disclose everything to Vivienne since she and "Hesper" were entirely separate individuals at present.

Vivienne did not seem to suspect anything, She turned to Cheney and said somewhat smugly, "I forgot to tell you earlier, Hesper has been found. Although the Lanes kept their lips sealed, with my relationship with Matthew, it was easy to find out this information."

Hestia lifted her eyebrows.

“I’m sorry. My subordinates didn’t know about this and brought you up.” Cheney turned around and looked at Hestia. “All your expenses will be on the house today. I’m truly sorry about it.”

“Actually, I’m Hesper.”

Hestia changed her mind after hearing what Vivienne said. Vivienne was probably a friend of Matthew. He had previously been looking for Hesper because she had gone missing, and Matthew had asked her to help, she was not someone she needed to be wary of.

To add on, Cheney’s previous statement was not “I’ll help you pay the bill,” but rather that her bill was waived for the day, indicating that these two women were definitely not of ordinary status in this bar.

“I see,” Cheney responded simply, smiling at her. “How can you prove that you are the real Hesper? After all, you denied it earlier.”

“I didn’t know why you were looking for me, so of course I wouldn’t admit my identity,” Hestia calmly said. “I’ve lost some memories, so regardless of whether I knew you before or not, I have no impression of you now.”

“Where is the evidence?”

Hestia pulled up Matthew’s account and directly made a video call with him.

Matthew answered quickly as expected, but Hestia did not want him to know what she was doing, so she just called out his name, letting Cheney and Vivienne hear his voice. After hanging up the phone, Hestia looked up.

“Is that enough?”

Vivienne fiddled with her hair and said shrewdly, “You don’t want Matthew to know that you’re here, but you voluntarily revealed your identity to us. Let me guess... Are you investigating something behind Matthew’s back?”

“Yes, I am.” Hestia did not beat around the bush with them. “As I said, I’ve lost my memories, and my life isn’t the same as it is in Matthew’s memory. Although I trust him, I also have my own things to do.”

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A Spoonful of Sugar: Don't Beg for Love Chapter 655

The smile on Vivienne's face deepened after she heard what Hestia said. She led her over to a couch and said, "Actually, we're family, so you don't have to be so polite with me."

Cheney let out a sigh, earning herself a glare from Vivienne. Cheney immediately shifted her gaze to another place and walked out of the room with the white cat named Kitty in her arms.

Hestia looked at this woman who changed her emotions faster than jumping off a building, cleared her throat and said, "I want to talk to you about a business. If I'm not mistaken, you're the owner of this bar, right?"

"Feel free to share with me anything you require. I'm approachable and open to conversation."

Hestia fell silent for a moment.

"Oh yeah. I'm Vivienne. You can call me Viv, or if you don't mind, you can call me Mrs. Lane too."

Hestia was stunned.

If it weren't for the fact that the information showed that Matthew was still single, and Matthew had never mentioned Vivienne to her, just by listening to Vivienne's confident tone, Hestia might have believed it.

It seemed to Hestia that Vivienne had a crush on Matthew.

Hestia lowered her head, acknowledging that this newfound relationship could make investigating the matter easier. She was surprised to discover such a concealed network of connections in Genecity, and couldn't help but wonder why Hesper had not utilized it previously.

After briefly explaining what she knew to Vivienne, Vivienne frowned because she did not have enough information. Then she said, "The Sulzbachs in

Emperion are easy to find, but they're a big family. If you don't have more accurate information, I can't be sure who you're looking for."

Hestia's eyes glowed.

Hestia had previously requested Sylvie's help in investigating the Sulzbachs, but they had found very little information. All they had managed to uncover was that there were only two brothers in the current generation of the Sulzbach family, with the elder brother, Silvan, in charge of managing the family business. Beyond that, they had hit a dead end.

"Thank you, Viv."

Vivienne waved her hand and said, "It's no big deal! If you need any help, you can come to me. No one is more resourceful than I am in Genecity and Emperion."

With a smile, Hestia nodded her head. Vivienne appeared tough to handle at first, but in truth, she was very easy to approach and much more manageable than Cheney. Despite Cheney's friendly demeanor and constant smile, her eyes revealed no hint of warmth, making her difficult to read.

"Ms. Scarlett, someone is causing trouble down there." Cheney came into the room.

Both Hestia and Vivienne turned their heads around, and there was a frown on Vivienne's forehead.

"Who dares to cause trouble in my place? Let's go down and check it out."

Hestia followed after them, and Vivienne reassured her, "Don't be afraid even if a fight breaks out later. No one will dare to lay a finger on you in my place."

Although Hestia nodded, she did not feel anything. The reason was simple—the people who could actually harm her probably had not even been born yet.

The three of them went downstairs and heard a commotion. Vivienne casually picked up a nearby bottle and smashed it on the corner of the table, releasing a crisp sound into the air.

"Who dares to make trouble in my place? Are you tired of living?"

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A Spoonful of Sugar: Don't Beg for Love Chapter 656

The moment Vivienne showed up, the previous chaos vanished completely, and the crowd parted to make way for her as Hestia and Cheney walked on either side of her. Some of the onlookers secretly assessed Hestia since she was a new face to them.

When they walked into the crowd, they discovered that no one had actually started fighting. Instead, a woman stood in the center of the crowd, holding a sharp piece of glass to her own neck.

“Stay away from me,” the woman snarled, her gaze even sharper than the glass. The surrounding muscular men were cautious and did not dare to approach her. However, Vivienne remained unfazed and strode towards the woman.

“What’s happening? Instead of resorting to suicide, you should use your bravery for something else,” Vivienne said as she took the glass from the woman’s hand. After that, she reached into her pocket, took out a dagger, and handed it to the woman.

“If someone tried to bully me, I’d use this dagger to defend myself and make it clear that no one should mess with me,” she said.

Cheney sighed and stepped forward to pat the woman’s shoulder. As if she had lost all her strength, the dagger suddenly fell from her hand and she could barely stand on her feet with Cheney’s help.

The woman looked at Hestia and suddenly widened her eyes.

“Hessy...”

Hestia never expected to meet someone Hesper knew in this kind of situation. Nevertheless, the woman in front of her did look about the same age as her. Since there were too many people around and it was not a good time to explain anything, Cheney nodded at Hestia, and the two of them helped the woman upstairs.

Encountering Hesper in such a situation was unexpected for Jessie, but the way Hesper looked at her gave her the impression that she did not recognize her. Hesper was rumored to have gone missing some time ago, and Jessie wondered if something else might have occurred during that period.

Upon reaching upstairs, Jessie let out a sigh of relief. The four of them had no trouble ascending the stairs as everyone was familiar with Vivienne and knew better than to cause any commotion. Any troublemakers in her establishment would have to watch their backs from now on.

“Can you tell us what happened downstairs? Although they were trying to catch you, they also seemed to be afraid of you hurting them,” Vivienne asked halfheartedly. “Let me make it clear for you. Helping you also comes at a cost. If it wasn’t for this situation escalating to my attention, I wouldn’t have intervened.”

As she spoke, Vivienne turned her head and glanced at Jessie. “I won’t take in a rebellious young lady who escaped from her family.”

Jessie gritted her teeth and said, “I’m running away from marriage.”

Hestia was somewhat surprised, and Vivienne chimed in, “Typically, those who elope from marriage are eventually caught. I can offer you temporary protection... But why did you call her “Hessy” earlier? Do you know her?”

Jessie turned her head and looked at Hesper. With just one look, she knew that Hesper had lost her memory due to some accident. Therefore, she nodded and said, “Hessy doesn’t know me now. But I think this is good. After all, she’ll surely scold me if she finds out what I did.”

She was the first person to calmly accept her loss of memory besides Nathaniel. Hestia nodded and said, “I really don’t remember you, but I can help you. After all, you were my friend. But first, you need to tell us what happened and who you are going to marry.”

Jessie fell silent for a moment before sighing, “It’s Zikmund.”

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Hestia had heard of the name before. As far as she could recall, Zikmund was a friend of Rickard's. However, she had not yet had the chance to meet him since returning to Genecity, so she did not know him well.

When Vivienne heard the name, she scoffed. "I see. So you're going to marry Zikmund. It's hard to believe that he still has the nerve to go through with a marriage, considering what a terrible person he is. He's even worse than Carter. All of the ladies and socialites in Genecity steer clear of him as if he's a disease."

"I was in contact with Zikmund way before you left, Hessy. He's a student of my mother's, and I told you about our first blind date. I don't think you remember it now, but it was definitely not a pleasant experience," Jessie sighed and continued. "At that time, I wanted to marry someone who didn't love me just to deal with my family's problems, while Zikmund needed a tool to deal with his grandfather. Therefore, we collaborated on this matter."

Although Hestia could not personally relate to Jessie's situation, she could envision feeling angry if one of her close friends married someone unworthy just to appease their parents.

However, Hestia was confident that there must be a lot more to Jessie's story. Otherwise, things would not escalate to this point, so she pressed on, "So why did you want to escape from Zikmund?"

Jessie lowered her head. Vivienne and Cheney looked at each other and came out of the room, leaving Jessie and Hestia alone to talk to each other.

"Because neither Zikmund nor I followed our initial agreement. I developed feelings for him, while he fell in love with someone else," Jessie said as she clenched her fist. "If he had openly regretted the marriage, I would have let him go. But now he wants me to marry him to lie to his grandfather so that he can be with that woman."

Hestia saw the light now. Long story short, Jessie did not want to marry someone she loved but did not love her back. Marriage was like a tomb, and Hesper had already experienced it. Hestia didn't like marriage either, so she patted Jessie's shoulder and said, "As long as you're with me, Zikmund won't catch you."

Jessie looked gratefully at Hestia and said, “You’re different from before but also very similar. If it was Hesper, she would have helped me too.”

No one had ever said that she was similar to Hesper before. Hestia smiled, “My name is Hestia Deschamps. You can still call me that until my memories are fully restored.”

“Okay.”

After wandering outside for so long, Jessie only truly relaxed after seeing Hesper again. The past few days were not as easy as she described, and Zikmund went to great lengths to bring her back. If it weren’t for the fact that her mother was his teacher, he probably would have gone to her house to find her.

Jessie soon curled up on the sofa and fell asleep. Hestia covered her with a blanket and then thought for a moment, ‘Zikmund is a friend of Rickard, and I can feel that Rickard still has feelings for me. If I approach him now, maybe I can help Jessie get rid of this trouble.’

Today’s trip was not in vain. She had not only obtained information about her target but also gained a friend. Hestia walked out of the room and realized that Cheney had been waiting at the door. Upon seeing her, Cheney said, “Ms Deschamps, you can come here often in the future. The information we can provide may exceed your imagination.”

Hestia raised her eyebrows. After all, it seemed to her that Cheney did not like her getting close to Vivienne.

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A Spoonful of Sugar: Don’t Beg for Love Chapter 658

Just as she expected, Cheney smiled and continued in the next second, “But I’ll keep an eye on you so that you won’t harm Ms. Scarlett.”

“Oh, please. I’m not interested in that. I just want to get the information I want,” Hestia said, refusing to back down from Cheney’s intimidation. Even

though both of them were smiling at each other, one could sense the tense atmosphere between them.

“I can tell you straightforwardly that I don’t have any feelings for Matthew, nor do I have any special feelings for Vivienne. As I said, this is business. You can also negotiate with me, and as long as you can name your price, I’ll take it.”

Cheney shook her head and her hostility toward Hestia disappeared. She exuded a warm and gentle aura as she continued, “You indeed aren’t Ms. Rivera from the past, Ms. Deschamps. If it were her here today, I wouldn’t be so wary of you.”

With a sigh, she finished her sentence. Although Hestia knew she meant nothing, she could not help but dislike it.

“I’ve learned a lot about Ms. Rivera from her profile,” Cheney added. “As Ms. Scarlett’s closest and most trusted confidante, I’m responsible for helping her identify and mitigate potential threats and risks, since she is not particularly adept at such strategic games. While she may not explicitly ask for any favors in return, feel free to ask for her help with anything you need. The only condition is that you must not cause any harm to her.”

Hestia was left without words, as she did not comprehend what Cheney was saying. From her perspective, an employee like Cheney was not fulfilling her duties appropriately. Despite being aware that Cheney had an underlying agenda in getting close to Vivienne, she opted to turn a blind eye to it.

However, for some reason, there was a touch of bitterness in her heart.

After leaving Jessie at Vivienne’s care, Hestia drove back home. After arriving, she noticed someone standing in the yard, watching her.

“Who is it?” Hestia looked at the man warily, then she saw Rickard standing not far away looking at her.

In an attempt to fit in with the bar’s ambiance, Hestia had applied a thick layer of makeup and donned a body-hugging skirt adorned with sparkling sequins that continued to shimmer under the subdued lighting.

Hestia’s red lips curled slightly. “It seems like you know where I live, Mr. Duval. Well, Benji told me about it just now, but it truly caught me by surprise to see you here so soon.”

“Is it?” Rickard’s voice was flat. Hestia did not know what he was doing here, but she had to return to the bar to pick Jessie up and she did not want to waste her time here. Therefore, she said, “I still have something to do. If you don’t have anything to tell me, I’ll be leaving.”

After she had finished speaking, Rickard walked toward her, and it was only then that she realized Rickard was wearing a beige tracksuit, which looked very casual and different from his usual attire.

“Are you going to drive? From what I can smell, you’ve had some alcoholic beverages.”

It was only at this moment that Hestia recalled that although she had not actually drunk the drink she ordered, she did take a sip to deceive the bartenders.

‘It was just a sip, but did he notice it?’

“Hesper can’t handle liquor, so I’m sensitive to the smell,” Rickard said calmly.

Hestia bit her upper lip and tilted her head slightly. “Mr. Duval, do you have anything urgent to attend to right now? I have a friend waiting for me at the bar. Could you drive me there to meet her?”

Since Rickard was standing in front of her right now, Hestia would never miss a chance to trouble him.

As expected, Rickard agreed. Hestia sat comfortably in the backseat and opened the file that Cheney had sent her earlier.

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A Spoonful of Sugar: Don’t Beg for Love Chapter 659

It was a complete family tree of the Sulzbachs, along with some miscellaneous information and rumors. It was actually more comprehensive than Hestia had imagined.

While Rickard was driving, Hestia read through the information with rapt attention.

In the previous generation of the Sulzbach family, there were numerous members, but only Silvan and Ehren remained in their own generation. This was due to the fact that, apart from their father who lived long enough to marry and have children, the other members of their generation either disappeared without explanation or died from various causes.

Ignoring those who were clearly marked as dead, Hestia roughly examined the missing persons, and surprisingly, there were four people.

Frowning and comparing their ages and times of disappearance, two of them matched the person Hestia's father had mentioned. Hestia circled two names—Azariah and Skylar, respectively.

Although she had identified her targets, both of them had disappeared more than ten years ago. Even the people of the Sulzbachs did not know where they were, and it was unclear whether they were dead or alive.

While Hestia was contemplating her next move, their car suddenly stopped. She was taken by surprise, and hit her forehead against the back of the seat in front of her.

“What happened?”

This collision caused some memories to return to Hestia for a moment. She caught glimpses of several familiar and unfamiliar scenes, but they vanished when she tried to focus on them.

“Hestia? Hestia?”

With Rickard's voice gradually entering her ears, Hestia was brought back to reality. She furrowed her brow and shook her head before looking straight ahead.

“Somebody is standing in front of the road, so I had to brake suddenly. Are you okay?” Rickard reached out to Hestia, but she turned her head to avoid it and smoothed out the strands of hair on her forehead.

“I'm fine. Who is it?”

Rickard turned his head around and looked at Zoya, who was standing in front of their car with her arms outstretched. Zoya saw Rickard as well, but she refused to move away. It seemed to him that she would not go away as long as Hesper did not come out and talk to her.

Following Rickard's gaze, Hestia also saw the person standing in front of their car.

'Isn't she the girl who passed out at the mall that day?'

As soon as the thought surfaced in Hestia's head, another came in as well.

'She's Nathaniel's sister. She probably isn't someone who's easy to deal with.'

"I'll go down to talk to her," Hestia said.

Without waiting for Rickard's response, Hestia stepped out of the car and made her way towards Zoya, who was still standing with her arms outstretched. The collision had jogged some memories loose in Hestia's mind, and she recalled a similar encounter with Zoya from her past.

Their confrontation happened at night as well, and she seemed to be holding a box at that time.

"I have something to tell you," Zoya said. She did not behave like her age at all.

Hestia raised her eyebrows. "You can just say it now."

However, Zoya shook her head. "It's still not the right time yet. Let's exchange contact information first. When the time is right, I'll tell you. I'm not gonna hurt you, Hesper."

Hestia fell silent for a moment, but eventually took out her phone and let Zoya add her contact information.

Stopping a car at midnight was not an easy feat, as it required a certain level of courage.

Hestia was confident that she would never resort to such an extreme measure. Since the little girl in front of her was brave enough to do so, it was only natural that Hestia had the courage to exchange contact information with her.

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A Spoonful of Sugar: Don't Beg for Love Chapter 660

Zoya left after she had gotten what she wanted. Looking at her back, Hestia felt that the girl's skirt looked very familiar. It was as if she had seen it somewhere before.

Hestia felt a bit disoriented after the collision, and Rickard picked up on her discomfort. He stepped forward to assist her, and this time Hestia was too weak to resist, so she allowed Rickard to help her into the car.

"Are you feeling a headache?" Rickard asked.

Hestia nodded, but she remained silent. Rickard did not ask further and simply said, "Can you still go pick up the person?"

Leaving Jessie at Vivienne's place was not an option, and Jessie was quite shaken up from what happened just now. If Hestia did not go, Jessie's situation might get worse.

With that thought in mind, Hestia gritted her teeth and nodded without hesitation. "Yes, we're going."

"You should get a doctor to take a look at you later," Rickard responded. After he placed Hestia on the back seat, he went to the front and started the engine.

Finally, they picked up Jessie, and Hestia breathed a sigh of relief. Jessie had already woken up not long after Hestia left. When she saw Rickard, she tugged at Hestia's sleeve in a guarded manner.

"Do you know who he is?"

Hestia nodded. "My ex-husband."

Rickard was stumped.

After dropping off Hestia and Jessie, Rickard glanced at Hestia and realized that her complexion had turned better. He did not say much and reminded her to get a doctor to take a look at her.

“Doctor? What happened?” Jessie looked at Hestia worriedly. It was the first time someone had cared about her like this. Hestia stood stiffly in place for a moment before clearing her throat.

“It’s nothing. I just hit my head during a collision just now. I’ve gotten a lot better now.”

Jessie nodded in return. After Rickard left, she tugged at Hestia’s sleeve cautiously and said, “Although you’ve forgotten a lot of things, you shouldn’t fall in love with Rickard again. He doesn’t deserve you.”

Hestia raised her brows. Jessie seemed a little bit more cheerful than the first time she met her. Perhaps this was how she interacted with Hesper.

After settling Jessie, Hestia finally had the time to carefully go through the information she had received that day. Although she had already determined her target, she had not yet analyzed the information in detail.

Why did the previous generation of the Sulzbachs either die or disappear?

To say it was a simple coincidence would be too unrealistic, especially considering the fact that so many people had been lost one after another. Rather than calling it a coincidence, it was more like a curse.

But of course, Hestia did not believe it was something like a curse or fate. She carefully checked the information about the Sulzbach and found that the first to die was the original heir of the Sulzbachs.

As time went on, those who died or disappeared one after another were all designated heirs of the Sulzbachs.

One could argue that it was the power struggle within the family that led to the mutual killings. However, the only thing that did not fit was the fact that the father of Ehren and Silvan did live until the end, but he had a short tenure as the head of the family. Moreover, he himself did not like to plot and scheme. When he had to manage the Sulzbach, he neglected his duties and even had his subordinates handle the daily documents.

Having gone through the material with a throbbing headache, Hestia let out a sigh and massaged her temples. Though the discomfort from the collision in the car had somewhat subsided, she still found herself with strange images hastily flashing through her mind, each accompanied by unfamiliar emotions that flickered by and disappeared without a trace.

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